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OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

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Scientific Notices,

Comprehending Notices of new Discoveries or Improvements in Science or Art; including, occasionally, singular Medical Cases; Astronomical, Mechanical, Philosophical, Botanical, Meteorological, and Mineralogical Phenomena, or singular Facts in Natural History; Vegetation, &c.; Antiquities, &c.

AWFUL EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.

"I boarded the king's ship;—now on the beak,
"Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
"I flam'd amazement;—sometimes I'd divide
"And burn in many places;—on the topmast,
"The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
"Then meet again;—Jove's lightnings, the precursors
"O'the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
"And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks
"Of sulphureous roaring; the most mighty Neptune
"Seem'd to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
"Yea, his dread trident shake."

Ariel's description of a storm in Shakspeare's Tempest.

The following awful narrative will be perused with painful interest by all our readers;—an interest, however, somewhat different in its nature from that with which we landsmen usually read the descriptions of shipwrecks, and the other perils peculiar to the sea, from the visitation of which we conceive ourselves exempt on shore. Lightning, of all atmospheric phenomena, is the most extraordinary in its effects, the most inexplicable in its operations. Sometimes it consumes a part of the dress, or melts the watch-chain, leaving the wearer without the slightest personal injury. At other times the victim is destroyed in an instant, whilst nothing borne about the person appears to have been touched at all; and, in some cases, no mark of violence can be traced on the body. Sometimes this wonderful phenomenon will in an instant reverse the poles of the mariner's compass, or entirely deprive the needle of its magnetic virtue. At other times this awful and mysterious power will communicate the magnetic virtue to metal implements or instruments within the line of its passage. This fact, which seems to confirm the analogy between the magnetic and electric fluid, is strikingly exemplified in Walker's Treatise on Magnetism. The author was present in a house, in the West Indies, which was struck by the lightning. In its passage, one person was killed. As animal decomposition takes place very rapidly in that country, speedy interment is necessary, and the females of the house accordingly proceeded immediately to make a shroud for their deceased companion, when, to their astonishment, they found that their scissors had become highly magnetical, and that the needles adhered to them.

In short, the *bizarreries*, or fantastic effects of lightning are as endless as they are inexplicable; and one singular instance of this came within our own knowledge, as it occurred within one hundred yards of the place in which we are now writing. Our readers may recollect that there was, a few years since, an oil-mill standing at the southern extremity of St. James's Walk, or the Mount, as it is called. One evening, about seventeen or eighteen years ago, to the best of our recollection, during a violent thunder storm, this mill was struck by the lightning, and considerably damaged; but the most extraordinary circumstance was the manner in which the bricks were affected by the fluid, which appeared to have visited each of them in its passage, chipping a small portion from the surface, as if they had been slightly scraped by the point of a penknife.

A very extraordinary and fatal visitation of lightning was experienced last week, as recorded in the *Taunton Courier*, from which we have copied the account in another column of our publication. The clothes of the person who was killed were scattered into countless pieces around him; some driven into the earth in an aperture of about two feet in diameter; and we fancy it would puzzle our philosophers to assign any reason why the electric fluid should operate in this remarkable manner upon the apparel of the individual who lost his life on this occasion.

The writer of the annexed narrative very rationally conjectures that his escape, and that of the other passengers, is to be ascribed to their having been in bed at the time the vessel was struck by the lightning. Those who are the most conversant with the subject agree that feather beds are very imperfect conductors of the electric fluid; and, although we may be only repeating what the majority of our readers already know, we shall here venture to transcribe a passage on the subject from a philosophical work of authority:—

"Dr. Franklin advises persons who are apprehensive of danger from lightning to sit in the middle of a room (provided it be not under a metal lustre, suspended by a chain) sitting on one chair, and laying the feet on another. It is still safer, he adds, to bring two or three mattresses or beds into the middle of the room, and folding them double, place the chairs upon them: for as they are not so good conductors as the wall, the lightning will not choose to pass through them; but the safest place of all is in a hammock hung with silken cords, at an equal distanse from the sides of the room." Dr. Priestly observes that the place of the most absolute safety must be the cellar; for when a person is lower than the surface of the earth, the lightning must strike it before it can possibly reach him. ☞

TERRIFIC THUNDER STORM AT SEA—THE SHIP NEW YORK STRUCK BY THE LIGHTNING.

Before submitting some particulars which have recently transpired relative to the extraordinary and fearful effects of the lightning experienced on board of the New York, on her late passage to this port—we submit the following account of the catastrophe from the *Liverpool Commercial Chronicle*, supplied by a gentleman, who seems to have taken much pains to record the fact as witnessed at the time:—

TO THE EDITOR.

Ship New York, Prince's Dock, Liverpool, 11th May, 1827.

SIR,—I trust that, although a stranger, I shall find a sufficient apology in the very uncommon nature of the occurrences herein described, for troubling you with the detail of the following particulars. This ship has been twice struck by lightning on her present voyage from New York. On the 19th of April, our third day out, on the Gulf stream, (lat. 38 9 N. long. 61 17 W. at noon) about half past five in the morning, being in our births, we were roused by a sound like the report of heavy cannon close to our ears. In a moment we were all out, and the cabin and all parts of the ship were filled with a dense smoke, having a strong smell of sulphur. From the deck the word was quickly passed that the ship had been struck with lightning, and was on fire. The consternation which for some minutes prevailed may be more easily imagined than described. Every one ran on deck with a full impression that the ship was in a blaze. There all the elements were in violent commotion. It had been broad day, but so dark, so dense, and so close upon us were the clouds as to produce almost the obscurity of night. There was just sufficient light to give a bold relief to every object in the appalling scene. The rain poured down in torrents, mingled with hailstones as large as filberts, which lay upon the deck fully an inch thick. Overhead blazed the lightning on all sides, accompanied by reports almost simultaneously, thus evincing its nearness. The sea ran mountains high, and the ship was tossed from one sea to another with incredible rapidity. One appearance was peculiarly remarkable. The temperature of the water was at 74 degrees of Fahrenheit, while that of the atmosphere was down to 48. This produced a copious evaporation, and caused immense clouds of vapour to rise, which, ascending in columns all around us, exhibited the appearance of innumerable pillars supporting a massive canopy of clouds. These phenomena are extremely unusual, no person on board ever

having witnessed any thing like it before. In all directions might be seen waterspouts, which rising fearfully to the clouds, seemed actually to present to the eye a combination of all the elements for the destruction of every thing on the face of the deep. Altogether the scene was one of awful sublimity, which baffles description. Amid this scene of impending ruin, when all nature was in the utmost confusion; when nautical science and experience could avail nothing—while an irresistible element was playing about us, and the ship seemed on the very verge of fate; when, in short, dismay and despair were reflected from every other countenance—nothing could exceed the calm tranquillity of Captain Bennett; nothing could excel the firmness with which every order was given, for examining the ship, in prospect of meeting fire below deck; nothing could equal the manner in which every one was encouraged with the hope of security, even beyond what in reason could be expected. Thus I but echo the sentiments of all on board.

But I hasten to my narrative. Some parts of the ship and spars were for a moment on fire, but were quickly extinguished by the rain. The ship was then, though roughly, examined, to ascertain whether the electric fluid had penetrated among the combustible part of the cargo below the lower deck. This investigation disclosed the following facts:—The lightning having struck the main royal-mast head, shattered the mast head, and, descending thence, penetrated the deck into one of the store-rooms, the bulkheads and fittings of which it completely demolished. Then separating, one part was conducted by a leaden tube to the side of the ship, through which it passed out between wind and water, starting the ends of three five-inch planks. Another portion from the store-room passing into the ladies' cabin, shivered to atoms the plate of a large mirror, leaving the frame uninjured. From the looking-glass to the piano forte was an easy transition; it touched the instrument with no delicate impulse, dismounting it, and leaving it out of tune. Thence it passed through the whole length of the after-cabin and out at the stern windows. Fortunately, we were all in our births at the moment. Upon these facts I would venture briefly to remark, that the mast head was bound by four iron hoops, say from two to three inches wide, and nearly half an inch thick. These attracting the fluid, and being themselves insulated by other less powerful conductors, would naturally, at the instant, accumulate a large repletion of the fluid, which, by the violence of its action, burst the hoops asunder, and shattered the mast head and cap. Into the cabin store-room it seems to have been conducted by a leaden pipe near the mainmast under the deck. The quicksilver on the back of the mirror was sufficient to attract it thither, when it would be diffused over the whole surface of the glass, which being the most perfect nonconductor known, was thus shattered into countless pieces. The atmosphere being very moist, the dampness of the cabin floor, for want of a better conductor, might probably aid in carrying it to the windows.

Being all in our births, enveloped in beds and bedding of non-conducting materials, we reposed in comparative safety, while the deadly bolt careered around us with fierce and resistless energy. Doubtless, a feather bed is the most safe retreat in such cases. Had it been later in the day, and the passengers about the cabin, the chances are, that it would have been fatal to many of us.

The operation of the second shock was very different from the former, and is more deserving of attention, as furnishing a new instance in proof of the efficacy of lightning-rods, as a protection at sea. We had a chain conductor on board; but it not being the season to expect much lightning, and the first shock coming on quite suddenly, it was not up at the time. The morning squall was over; it continued, however, to blow fresh all day, and about noon, heavy clouds began to gather in on every side, rolling their volumes apparently among the rigging. We had reason to expect more lightning; the conductor was prepared, and Captain Bennett ordered it to be raised to the main royal-mast head. It consisted of an iron chain, having links one-fourth of an inch thick, and two feet long, turned in hooks at each end, and connected by rings of the same thickness, and of one inch annular diameter. This chain was fastened to a rod of iron, half an inch thick and four feet in length, with a point well polished and tapered, in order to receive the fluid with facility; it was secured to the main royal-mast, the rod extending two feet above the mast head; and thence it was brought down over the quarter, and repelled by an oar protruding, say ten feet, from the ship's side, sinking a few feet below the surface of the water.

Dr. Franklin was of opinion that a rod of this size would sustain, without injury, the severest shock of lightning. I have been thus minute in stating the dimensions of the chain, for the double purpose of conveying some idea of the force of this shock, and of impressing the necessity of providing larger conductors. The chain, however, in this instance, performed its office, and it was up in happy time to avert a blow that, in the opinion of all on board, must have sent this staunch vessel in an instant to the bottom.

Soon after one, p. m., we saw lightning: a little before two, we observed a very smart flash; looking at my watch, which marks seconds, I counted four, when the report followed: I felt no alarm, however, having frequently known it to approach nearer without any injury. At two o'clock we were astounded by another shock like that in the morning: the *flash* and *sound* simultaneous. I happened to be in the cabin with another passenger: a ball of fire seemed to dart down before us; at the same moment the glass in the round-house came rattling down below. Those on deck agreed that the whole ship appeared to be in a blaze, from the vividness of the principal flash, which they distinctly saw darting down the conductor, and agitating the water. All parts of the ship, as before, were filled with smoke, smelling of sulphur.

The ship was again thoroughly examined. The conductor had been rent to pieces by the discharge, and scattered to the winds: small fragments of it were found on deck: in saving the ship it had literally yielded itself to the fury of the blast. The pointed rod was found to be fused and shortened several inches, and covered over with a dark coating; some of the links had been snapped off and others melted. The whole operation was singularly striking, and affords another of those rare cases where the conductor yielded to the violence of the shock, while it effectually averted the bolt from the object it was designed to protect.

This was a property of the rod of which Franklin was satisfied very early after the application of a theory that has disarmed the lightning of heaven. One of the earliest cases which fell under his notice, I believe, occurred in one of the Dutch churches in New York: a chain connected with the clock probably saved the church much damage, but the chain itself was melted.

Mr. Ross, the second officer, was prostrated, and three of the men struck, but none much injured. It affected the polarity of all the compasses, causing them to vary from the true point, and between each other. They gradually assumed a bearing, by which we have steered, though still three points out, as we have just discovered. The Captain's chronometer was very materially affected; it usually crosses the Atlantic without varying three seconds: it has now proved to be out as many degrees. Curious as are these effects, they are still more interesting in an experimental view. Such facts, carefully noted down at the time, afford useful data in the cause of science. Thus collected, they are at your disposal. When it is considered that not one vessel in fifty is prepared with a conductor, cases of this kind ought to admonish shipowners of their utility. Captain Bennett is determined to go well armed with them in future. It would be well to have one ready to be raised at each mast, in case of emergency; and, for the safety of the chain, it ought to be half an inch in diameter.

[*Further particulars.*]

Since the arrival of the New York, (now under repair in Graving Dock No. 2,) our reporter, in common with many individuals curious to observe the fearfully powerful effects of the lightning, has visited the ship, and has been politely favoured by Captain Bennett with several additional interesting particulars, as well as with a sight of the damaged and affected parts of the ship. The first shock, although terrific, was nothing equal in violence to the second; although, from the absence of the conductor, more destructive in its effects. It had run from the mast-head (the iron work near which is all magnetized in a remarkable manner) and thence was conducted by the chain-topsail to the mainmast-head; then, by the chain-topsail sheets down alongside the mainmast, penetrating the deck to the store-room, just below. There it partly exploded; and, fortunately, partly escaped through the ship's side, by a leaden pipe leading down to the bends from the water-closet—the upper pipes attached to which were melted by its intense heat. Had it not, in part, thus escaped outside the vessel, it would, in all probability, have burst out the starboard side. The bulk heads of the store-room were blown out in both directions, and much of the timber smashed; and the door was actually blown, sternways, through the whole length of the ladies' cabin, into the after-cabin, where it lay broken. The havoc which presented itself when the exit of the bolt, by the cabin windows, permitted it to be observed, was truly appalling. Broken glass, crockery-ware, and pieces of wood, strewed the floor, and the whole ship was filled with a dense sulphureous smoke. The piano-forte top, by the effect of the expansive fluid to blow it up, was split in two, and the instrument was dismounted; and a pannel behind driven in towards the main cabin, shows the resistless impatience of the destructive element in its further progress. That portion of the fluid which burst through the ship's side, attracted by the lead pipe, before mentioned, wrenched with giant force three of the strongest (five-inch) planks, one inch or more from their position, one of them under the copper, so that considerable repairs are required; and the outer end of the leaden pipe which conducted it outwards, and probably prevented her side from being entirely blown out, to the destruction of the ship and all those on board, bears evident marks of having been in a state of fusion on the outside, for a length of 18 inches, and its extremity has been partly melted away. At the time of the explosion, a flame issued half the height of the mainmast from a hatchway contiguous to the pumps.

The second shock was more violent than the first, and it is the opinion of all who witnessed its effects, and of our scientific townsman, Dr. Traill, that but for the operation of the conductor, judiciously applied after the first shock, the ship would have been blown to atoms, and no one have survived to relate the lamentable tale. By the chain the electric fluid no doubt passed off as in a stream, preventing that great accumulation which would otherwise have taken place; and when at length it became so far surcharged that the fluid exploded, the otherwise fatal shock was at least averted from the ship, and spent its fury on the chain, which was partly fused and fell in liquid fire upon the deck, and partly blown beyond the reach of human ken. The hissing metal ignited portions of the deck and rigging where it fell; but this combustion was speedily extinguished by a heavy fall of hail.

The effect of the shock upon the passengers and crew is described as not unlike that received from an electrifying machine. Several persons were knocked down; and the carpenter, in particular, was so stunned, that some days elapsed before he recovered. One gentleman, who was in his birth at the time, and who had not, from some debility, walked above 100 yards at a time for years, so instantaneously recovered the vigorous use of his limbs, that he sprang upon deck with surprising agility, and has ever

since felt an increased facility of locomotion, though we dare say he would be content to halt for life rather than experience such another visitation, however sanatory.

The most wonderful effect, however, of the lightning, in this case, is demonstrable in the manner it has magnetized nearly all the iron (even the malleable iron) in the ship, and every article made of that metal. The steel work of the chronometers and watches on board were so strongly affected, that they could no longer be depended upon, and the former are now in the hands of Messrs. Roskell and Son, that the steel may be replaced. It is remarkable, that the point of the conductor, as well as portions of the chain, now in the hands of Dr. Traill, have acquired a strong inverse polarity, or, in other words, the portion of the rod which was uppermost, and which would, according to hypothesis founded upon former facts, have acquired a southern polarity, has, on the contrary, acquired a northern polarity, the location of the magnetic power being inverted. A similar phenomenon is traceable to other pieces of iron in the ship; and it is stated that the balance-wheel of a chronometer has, as it were at the points of a triangle embracing its circumference, acquired two southern polarities, and one northern. With respect to the rod,—is it not probable that the lightning, (for which the sea is not so powerful a conductor as the land,) in its recussion or reaction *ascended* the conducting chain, and, passing inversely up the rod, left it with inverted polarity? The knives and forks on board are all highly magnetized; and out of fifty-two of them, ten had, at their points, a northern—and forty-two a southern attraction. A case of mathematical instruments belonging to Captain Bennett, closely deposited in a mahogany case, were so highly magnetized that they lift large needles with facility: and the bunch of keys which he had in his pocket at the time, have equal powers of attraction. The iron on the points of the main and topgallant yards are equally affected; and the paint on both, and in other places, is scorched by the fiery fluid.

The noise of the explosions is described by Capt. B. as similar to that deafening and stunning crash which might be produced by the simultaneous and proximate firing of a hundred pieces of artillery; and it left many of those on board, for a time, without the sense of hearing. The outrigging of the chain of the conductor, ten feet from the ship's side, was most judicious; and it is, we learn, Dr. Traill's opinion that, had it not been so placed,—at sufficient distance to give room for the expansion of the shock,—the recussion would have driven in the ship's side, and consigned her to the bottom. The ship, which is one of the finest and fastest that sails to this port, is now being fitted with a new mainmast, and is undergoing other repairs of the damage sustained.

EXTRAORDINARY AND FATAL EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.

On Saturday se'nnight, an inquest was held by Mr. Caines, at Ridler's Farm, in the parish of Dalverton, on William Webber, a farmer's servant, aged 21. It appeared from the evidence of Robert Hill, a fellow-servant, that on the Monday preceding he was at work with the deceased and several other persons, in a field called Sanctuary Hill, where they were all employed in burning the sward; that about three o'clock in the afternoon he was at the distance of about three land-yards from the deceased, when he heard thunder at a distance, but saw no lightning; that it soon became dark, a few drops fell, and that he was instantly struck down, but by what means he knew not. Witness then stated, that after recovering his senses, on looking around, he saw deceased lying on the ground naked, and soon discovered he was dead. A horse, which had been employed on the spot, was lying near, upon his back. He discovered that all the other party had left the field, and he then proceeded to the farm-house, to tell the melancholy tale. On his way he met some of the persons, with whom he returned to the place where the awful event had occurred. The sight was truly wonderful. The clothes of the deceased were scattered in countless pieces around him; some driven into the earth, in an aperture of about two feet in diameter, and some much scorched. Deceased had received a wound on the back part of the head, and three or four on his feet; there were also some stripes extending down the body, and blood was oozing from his ears. Deceased had a watch in his pocket, the enamelled face of which was completely destroyed, and the machinery twisted in a singular manner. He had on a remarkably strong pair of shoes, with large nails in the bottoms, some of which had been forced out, and the upper leathers rent asunder. Near the spot where the horse lay was another aperture, similar to the one before described. None of the other persons saw any thing of the catastrophe, nor did either of them receive any injury. One of them, who was at about fifty land-yards from deceased, stated, that he felt his hat move at the time of a remarkable flash of lightning, and that he and those near him left the field, to seek shelter at the farm. Verdict—"Died by the visitation of God." The horse continued in a torpid state until the following morning, when he was killed, there being no possible chance of his recovery.—*Taunton Courier.*

The Philanthropist.

WOODEN COTTAGES, NEAR THE TIDE-MILL, HARRINGTON.

These cottages consist of two rooms, each twelve feet square. The first room has a fire-place, with a grate and oven; the second is divided into three separate sleeping apartments, with bedsteads (resembling the state-room of a ship) and a small room which may be used as a pantry.

The walls or sides are made of wooden frames of 3 inches by 1½ inch, boarded inside and outside with half-inch boards. The ceilings, and all the divisions, are of half-inch boards. These frames are 12 feet long, by 6½ feet high, and are fastened together by screw-bolts at the corners. The roofs are slated in the usual way. The outsides of all the walls are covered with slates, jointed with putty, so as to preserve the wood from the weather, without the expense of painting. If the wood can be preserved from dry rot, they will last as long as if constructed of brick or stone.

The advantages of these cottages are,

1. They may be taken down and removed at a small expense, not more than £4 or £5, if the distance do not exceed two miles; and, therefore, they may be built on land on which they are not intended permanently to stand. Land in the outskirts of an increasing town like Liverpool, which is expected to sell for building in the course of ten or twenty years, will, in the meantime, only let for pasturage, at the rate of about £10 per acre. Such land as this might probably be let for a term of ten years, for cottages, at £40 per acre per annum, and, in that case, need only be an annual rent of 5s. for each cottage.

2. The expense of the title-deeds would be saved, which, in some cases, would be a tax of £4 on the owner of one small cottage; and this, charged at the rate which the poor generally pay for their accommodations, would not be less than 3d. per week.

3. The cheapness of this mode of erection. The cost of one of these cottages is £42; and, if let at 1s. per week, it would, after deducting 5s. for rent of land, pay rather more than 5 per cent per annum: and thus such of the poor, whose occupations do not oblige them to live immediately in the town, could be accommodated with comfortable airy habitations, at one-third the rent they generally pay for their confined cellars, rooms, &c.

The poor are supplied with most articles as cheaply as the rich, but in house-rent they in general pay three or four times as much; and, therefore, this plan is strongly recommended to the attention of those who desire effectually and permanently to serve the lower classes. Of course, only the deserving and industrious would be selected as tenants for such cottages, and this, by obviating the difficulty of obtaining the rents, would prevent the necessity of those high charges for rent which are almost universally made for houses of this description; or these high rents may be turned to their own advantage, as in the annexed plan.

The following are the Conditions on which the WOODEN COTTAGES *are proposed to be occupied:*

1. The Rent is to be 3s. per week, to be paid either weekly or quarterly, as the proprietor may direct.

2. The tenants must be content with the houses as they now are. No alteration in the construction will be made: and teasing and complaining for the want of things they have not cannot be allowed.

3. Cleanliness, with good, sober, and peaceable conduct, are absolutely insisted upon.

4. Until more houses are built upon the land, gardens will be allotted to each tenant, which, when wanted for building, must be given up.

5. Persons are recommended not to take these cottages unless they consider these terms fair and reasonable, without reference to the following.

6. The cottages are to be removed to some other place at the end of seven years; and, as their construction is new, it must be considered as uncertain what they may be worth at the end of that time: but, if a tenant has conducted himself properly, and conformed to the above rules, then the cottage shall be his own at the end of the term, and may be removed, along with the others, to such place as a majority of the tenants may determine. The proprietor to have a casting vote on all occasions when the numbers are equal.

7. If the timbers of the cottage should prove to be decayed at the end of the term, and worth nothing, still the proprietor will give to the tenant (who has occupied for seven years, and regularly paid his rent, as above) the sum of twenty guineas, the tenant giving up all claim to the cottage. If any tenant does not wish to remove with the others, the proprietor will give him this sum for his interest; or, if he can find any person (satisfactory to the other tenants) who will give him more for his interest, he shall be at liberty to sell it to such person.

8. If any tenant wishes to remove at any time during the above term, and has conducted himself properly, the sum of 1s. per week shall be returned to him for the time he has paid the rent of 3s. per week.

9. If any tenant shall, from sickness, become unable to work, after having paid the rent of 3s. per week for one year, then, on his sickness being proved to the proprietor's satisfaction, he shall be allowed to have the house during such sickness, (not exceeding twelve months) without payment of any rent. If he again pays his rent for another year, and his sickness afterwards returns, he shall, in like manner, be entitled to occupy the house for another year, without rent.

10. The tenants are expected to keep the houses in repair; for, if they do not, the repairs must be charged upon the sum reserved for the redemption of the cottages.

11. The tenants are earnestly recommended to exercise kind feelings towards each other. The men, it is hoped, will get in the coals for the widows, dig their gardens, and do any other work of this kind for them, without charging any money; and the women are expected to do some work in return, equivalent to it: for in this way they will find, that, by acts of kindness, their comforts will be greatly increased, and money may be saved to all parties.

12. Persons not conducting themselves agreeably to the preceding rules, are to leave the cottages without having any claim upon the proprietor.

13. The proprietor reserves to himself the right of deciding whether tenants have conducted themselves properly, and conformed to these rules: but when the tenants have proved themselves to be deserving of confidence, he intends these points to be decided by a majority of the other tenants, having himself a casting vote when their numbers shall be equal.

TO THE OCCUPIERS OF THE COTTAGES.

If you are willing to help yourselves, you may reasonably expect assistance from others; but, if you are not willing to do this, your case is hopeless, and you are not the persons expected to be served. On your conduct much depends, not only as regards yourselves, but the poor generally; for many persons would be willing to confer such benefits on the poor if they could get their rents regularly, and obtain five per cent. for their money. Let us, then, hope you will feel the importance and the responsibility of your situation; and that you will prove that persons in your stations in society know how to appreciate the kind treatment of those who wish to serve them.

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[*From the Liverpool Courier.*]

Barometer at noon.		Extreme during Night.		Thermometer 8 morning		Extreme heat during Day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
May									
9	29 63	40	0	46	0	53	0	E.	Cloudy.
10	29 60	42	0	50	0	55	0	N.W.	Cloudy.
11	29 70	42	0	47	0	53	0	W.N.W.	Fair.
12	29 86	44	0	52	0	59	0	S.E.	Fair.
13	29 76	44	0	50	0	60	0	S.S.E.	Fair
14	29 73	43	0	49	0	58	0	N.	Fair.
15	29 59	46	0	52	0	63	0	S.S.W.	Fair.

10th,—Seven, p.m. rain.
11th,—Rain during night.

Poetry.

THE BARD.

——"When the bard expires
Nature herself has a voice of sorrow."

The harp of the minstrel is silent and lone,
The fetters of death have bound it;
But he to a festival glorious is gone,
Nor dreams of the stillness around it.

The heart, the warm heart, of the minstrel is cold,
The song of enchantment is o'er;
And his parting knell heavy, and deeply is toll'd,
And the lyre he will wake never more!

And the spirit of love by the moon's waning light
A wanderer lone is driven,
Unseen to complain to the echoes of night,
And sigh to the chill winds of Heaven.

And shadows, deep shadows, are now on the hall
Where feasted the youthful and gay;
And sables dim waving, and chaplet, and pall,
Death's pageantry, solemn, display.

And his helmet the warrior has laid by his side,
And the jewels that glittered there
From her tresses has ta'en the now weeping bride
The garland of cypress to wear.

And the revel has ceased, and the village maid,
Like the lily rude winds have torn,
Sad weeps as she thinks of the sweet hawthorn shade,
And ah! of the merry harp's tone.

And Nature herself has a lament of woe,
Her votary, dearest, to wail;
And the rippling stream of the green hazel row,
And the gently-responding gale.

And the cloud-circled rocks, and deep caverns hoar,
And flower-sprinkled valley, and tree;
The wild forest and glens, their lover deplore,
And the far-off resounding sea.

And his harp is oft heard by the rippling stream,
His voice lingers yet on the breeze,
'Mid the still noon of night, when Dian's soft beam
Pale silvers the whispering trees.

And the cloud-circled rocks, and deep caverns hoar,
Re-echo the minstrel's song,
And woods, and gay valleys, and ocean's rude shore,
The witchery thrilling prolong.

Yes! rocks, hills, and valleys, the glen, and the grove,
Oft list the soft melody fled;
And a voice has dear Nature of sorrow, and love,
A lament for her bardic dead.

But his lyre is restrung in a joyous land,
The spirit death could not enchain;
'Tis swept by an angel's exulting hand,
It ne'er shall be fetter'd again.

Liverpool. G.

ON THE FLOATING CHAPEL.

With what wonderful ease they've converted the Tees
From a ship to a church, on the quay;
"What wonder," says Croker, the Adm'ralty joker,
"For all frigates are vessels of *prey*."

Fine Arts.

THE MANCHESTER ROYAL INSTITUTION.

[*From the Manchester Guardian.*]

The opening, for the first time in this town, of an exhibition of paintings, the works of living artists, may be considered an interesting era in the course by which successful commerce leads to mental refinement and the manner in which it is supported, and the character of the works which compose it are interesting objects of investigation and record. Under these circumstances we should have been glad to devote a greater space to this subject than the various important claims we at present have on our columns will allow us so to appropriate.

The exhibition contains 157 pictures, most of them of a very creditable, and not a few of a very choice character. Indeed it seems very much to exceed what ought to have been anticipated in a first effort; because artists, who are wholly dependant on their reputation, are very tenacious of risking it by exhibiting in new institutions, which, however respectable, cannot always, in the first instance, ensure their works such companions as eminent artists desire they should be associatied with; and, therefore, the more cautious always keep back, and let others make the experiment for them. But this trial is now past; and we are happy to see several members of the Royal Academy in the list of exhibitors; together with many leading artists, whose works contribute largely to the splendours of Somerset House. Amongst the artists (71 in number) we observe the names of Northcote, Ward, Callcott, Cooper, and Pickersgill, all royal academicians; together with Lonsdale, Pether, Linton, Nasmyth, Holland, Crome, and a number of other artists living in the metropolis, and no less than 18 resident in Manchester, being a greater number than we thought this town contained.

During the week the exhibition has been very well attended by governors and their families, and we are happy to add that the number of pictures sold already amounts to twenty. The following notices comprise the whole that we can find room for this week.

No. 39. *La Fayette in the dungeon of Olmutz.—J. Northcote, R.A.*—The department of historical painting in which most exhibitions are deficient, from the circumstance that it is less profitable, and less encouraged than portrait painting, is here ably supported by the talents of Mr. Northcote, who, in this picture of La Fayette parting from his family, has shown powers of the first order. The calm dignity of the father, who is evidently bearing up against a torrent of anguish, in order to sustain his daughters under feelings of most exquisite distress, is admirably expressed.—"Beauty in tears," has ever been an object of sympathy, but it has a prodigious power when embodied with exalted virtue, purity of heart, and filial piety; and it is impossible to contemplate the objects of loveliness and distress, without feelings of emotion. Our limits will not allow us to enter into detail, but as regards a fine tone of colour, and an admirable disposition of the light and shadow, together with the general effect of the whole, this production constitutes a picture of the first class.

65. *A City of Greece, with the return of a Victorious Armament.—W. Linton.*—This, which is one of the principal of Mr. Linton's performances, may be considered as very successful, if Mr. Linton's aim was the magnificent. Splendid edifices, of an elevated character towering among rocks and waterfalls, interspersed with stately trees and luxuriant foliage, cannot fail, when well managed, to have a fine effect; and Mr. Linton has here combined all these circumstances to give splendour to the scene. The architecture is well conceived, and the perspective good, both as regards the linear, and the aërial effect of distance, and the colouring rich and powerful to a degree, that by many would be considered gorgeous; but in such a subject this must be ever a less fault, than its opposite, coldness and poverty. It also possesses a quality which is very valuable in pictures of this description, and that is a powerful volume of light, which conveys a good idea of the fervour and brilliancy of the sun in more southern latitudes. As the artist never intended it for a picture of miniature detail, it would be wrong to attempt to view it in that light, but taking it as a whole, it is in every respect entitled to admiration.

No. 30. *Portrait of H. H. Birley, Esq., H. W. Pickersgill, R. A.*—Independent of the likeness, which can only be appreciated by those who are acquainted with both the original and the portrait, and which we confess we do not think very happy, this picture possesses considerable merit; and that obtained in an opposite way from the general aim. We have here no attempt at display, no struggle for effect, but a plain modest piece of fine drawing, in rich but low tones of colour; and it is evident that the beauties of Murillo have not passed unnoticed beneath the artist's eye.

No. 31. *Rebecca and Ivanhoe.—H. Fradelle.* That excellence may exist under a variety of forms, we have an instance in this picture, as contrasted with the last; for effect, here carried almost to the extent of theatrical, is very evidently the aim of the artist. It is, however, a very beautiful picture, painted with great care, and every object studied with close consideration. Probably the figure of Rebecca is rather fantastic, and has less of the Hebrew character about it than we should expect to find in the Jew's daughter: but there is so much merit in the whole performance that it would be fastidious to seek for its defects. We may just observe, however, that the attire of the figures and the embellishments of the apartment are too modern for the period at which the story is laid.

No. 90. *Rue de Crosne Rouen.—C. R. Stanley.*—The first thing that strikes us on looking at this picture is the very felicitous tone of colour that pervades the whole, and on a closer inspection of the parts it improves under examination, and if those connoisseurs who are in the habit of judging of pictures will try it, not by its relation to any favourite old master, but by its relation to nature, it will be found deserving to stand high in their estimation.

No. 25. *A Coast Scene.—A. W. Colcott, R. A.*—This picture is an instance of the powerful effect of matured talent when brought in contrast with the productions of less experience: the body of light in this picture throws all around it into the shade, and the junior artist is happy if his picture is out of its reach to escape being extinguished altogether. It is one of the selections of a nobleman whose taste in works of art needs no encomium.

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

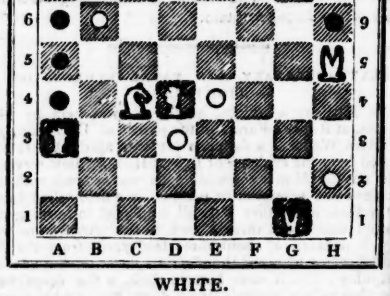
SOLUTIONS TO GAME CXLI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Castle.....E—5	1 King.....G—8
2 Castle.....E—8X	2 King.....F—7
3 Knight ...D—6X	3 King.....F—6
4 Pawn.....G—5X MATE.	

NO. CXLII.

The white to win with a pawn in three moves, or to compel the black to win with the pawn at the queen's castle's third in ten moves.

Black.



WHITE.

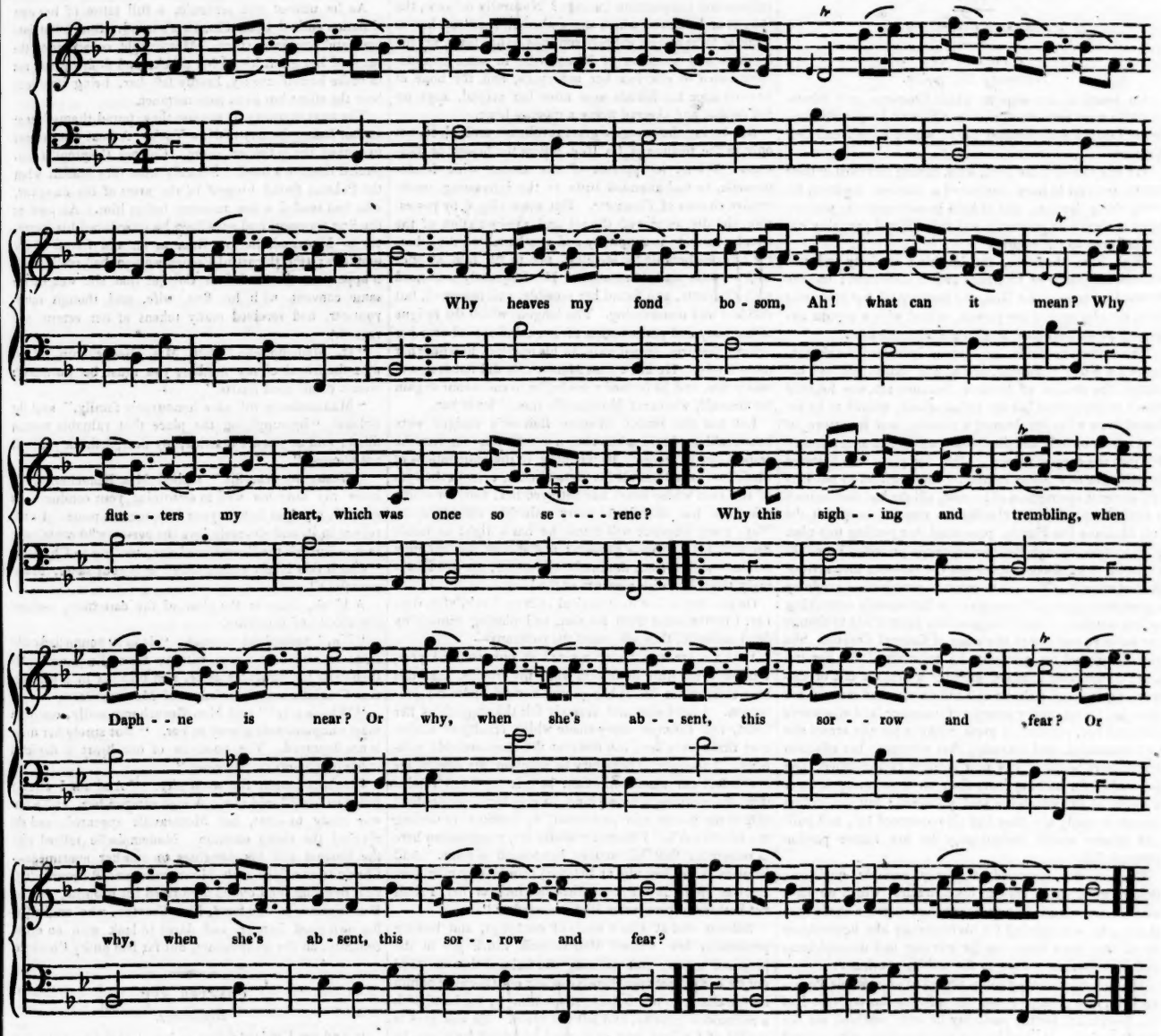
Tide Table.

Days.	*Morn.* h.	m.	*Even.* h.	m.	*Height.* ft.	in.	*Festivals, &c.*
Tuesday ..22	9	2	9	26	14	1	Princess of Homburg born.
Wednesday23	9	49	10	9	14	8	
Thursday..24	10	28	10	47	15	3	Ascension, or Holy Thurs.
Friday 25	11	6	11	23	15	8	New Moon. 6h. 27m. even
Saturday..26	11	39	11	55	15	11	Augustin, 1st Apb. of Can.
Sunday....27	——		0	13	15	10	Sunday after Ascen. Day.
Monday ..28	0	29	0	46	15	8	Easter Term ends.
Tuesday ..29	1	2	1	18	15	2	King Charles II. restored.

WHY HEAVES MY FOND BOSOM,

A FAVOURITE SONG.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY DR. ARNE.



2.

For ever, methinks, I with wonder could trace
The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face;
Each moment I view thee new beauties I find;
With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy mind.

3.

Untainted with folly, unsullied by pride,
There native good humour and virtue reside;
Pray Heaven that virtue thy soul may supply,
With compassion for him who without thee must die.

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."
MONTAIGNE.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY MRS. ROWSON,

Author of Victoria, the Inquisitor, Fille de Chambre, &c.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER XVI.

Necessary Digression.

On board of the ship in which Charlotte and Mademoiselle were embarked, was an officer of large unincumbered fortune and elevated rank, whom I shall call Col. Crayton.

He was one of those men, who, having travelled in their youth, pretend to have contracted a peculiar fondness for every thing foreign, and to hold in contempt the productions of their own country; and this affected partiality extended even to the women.

With him, therefore, the blushing modesty and unaffected simplicity of Charlotte passed unnoticed; but the forward pertness of La Rue, the freedom of her conversation, the elegance of her person, mixed with a certain engaging *Je ne scais quoi*, perfectly enchanted him.

The reader, no doubt, has already developed the character of La Rue; designing, artful, and selfish, she had accepted the devoirs of Belcour, because she was heartily weary of the retired life she led at school, wished to be released from what she deemed a slavery, and to return to that vortex of folly and dissipation which had once plunged her into the deepest misery. But her plan, she flattered herself, was now better formed. She resolved to put herself under the protection of no man, till she had first secured a settlement. But the clandestine manner in which she left Madame Du Pont's, prevented her putting this plan in execution, though Belcour solemnly protested he would make her a handsome settlement the moment they arrived at Portsmouth. This he afterwards contrived to evade by a pretended hurry of business; La Rue readily conceiving he never meant to fulfil his promise, determined to change her battery, and attack the heart of Colonel Crayton. She soon discovered the partiality he entertained for her nation; and having imposed on him a feigned tale of distress, represented Belcour as a villain who had seduced her from her friends under promise of marriage, and afterwards betrayed her, pretending great remorse for the errors she had committed, and declaring that whatever her affection might have been, it was now entirely extinguished, and she wished for nothing more than an opportunity to leave a course of life which her soul abhorred; but she had no friends to apply to; they had all renounced her, and guilt and misery would undoubtedly be her future portion through life.

Crayton was possessed of many amiable qualities; though the peculiar trait in his character, which we have already mentioned, in a great measure threw a shade over them. He was beloved for his humanity and benevolence by all who knew him; but he was easy and unsuspicious, and often became a dupe to the artifice of others.

He was, when very young, united to an amiable Parisian lady, and perhaps it was his affection for her that laid the foundation for the partiality he ever retained for the whole nation. He had by her one daughter, who entered into the world but a few hours before her mother left it. This lady was universally beloved and admired, being endowed with all the virtues of the mother, without the weakness of the father; she was married to Major Beauchamp, and was at this time in the same fleet with her father, attending her husband to New York.

Crayton was melted by the affected contrition and distress of La Rue; he would converse with her for hours, read to her, play cards with her, listen to all her complaints, and promise to protect her to the utmost of his power. La Rue easily saw his character; her sole aim was to awaken a passion in his bosom that might turn out to her advantage; and in this aim she was but too successful. For before the voyage was finished, the infatuated Colonel gave her from under his hand a promise of marriage on their arrival at New York, under the forfeiture of five thousand pounds.

And how did our poor Charlotte pass her time during a tedious and tempestuous passage? Naturally delicate, the fatigue and sickness which she endured, rendered her so weak as to be almost entirely confined to her bed: yet the kindness and attention of Montraville in some measure contributed to alleviate her sufferings, and the hope of hearing from her friends soon after her arrival, kept up her spirits, and cheered many a gloomy hour.

But during the voyage a great revolution took place, not only in the fortune of La Rue, but in the bosom of Belcour. Whilst in pursuit of his amour with Mademoiselle, he had attended little to the interesting, unobtrusive charms of Charlotte. But when cloyed by possession, and disgusted with the art and dissimulation of the one, he beheld the simplicity and gentleness of the other, the contrast became too striking, not to fill him at once with surprise and admiration. He frequently conversed with Charlotte, and found her sensible, well informed, but diffident and unassuming. The langour which the fatigue of her body and perturbation of her mind spread over her delicate features, served only, in his opinion, to render her more lovely. He knew that Montraville did not design to marry her, and he formed a resolution to endeavour to gain her himself, whenever Montraville should leave her.

Let not the reader imagine Belcour's designs were honourable. Alas! when once a woman has forgotten the respect due to herself, by yielding to the solicitations of illicit love, she loses all her consequence, even in the eyes of the man whose heart has betrayed her, and for whose sake she has sacrificed every valuable consideration. Nay, every libertine will think he has a right to insult her with his licentious passion; and should the unhappy creature shrink from the insolent overture, he will sneeringly taunt her with pretence of modesty.

On the day before their arrival at New York, after dinner, Crayton arose from his seat, and placing himself by Mademoiselle, thus addressed the company—

"As we are now nearly arrived at our destined port, I think it my duty to inform you, my friends, that this lady (taking her hand) has placed herself under my protection. I have seen and severely felt the anguish of her heart, and through every shade which cruelty or malice may throw over her, can discover the most amiable qualities. I thought it necessary to mention my esteem for her before our disembarkation, as it is my fixed resolution, the morning after we land, to give her an undoubted title to my favour and protection, by honourably uniting my fate to her's. I therefore desire every gentleman here to remember that her honour henceforth is mine. And (continued he, looking at Belcour) should any man presume to speak in the least disrespectfully of her, I shall not hesitate to pronounce him a scoundrel."

Belcour cast at him a smile of contempt, and bowing profoundly low, wished Mademoiselle much joy in the proposed union; and assuring the Colonel that he need not be in the least apprehensive of any one throwing odium on the character of his lady, shook him by the hand with a ridiculous gravity, and left the cabin. He was glad to get rid of La Rue, and so he were but freed from her, he cared not who fell a victim to her infamous arts.

The inexperienced Charlotte was astonished at what she heard. She thought La Rue had, like herself, only been urged by the force of her attachment to Belcour, to quit her friends, and follow him to the seat of war, and wondered how she could consent to marry another man. She considered it extremely wrong and indelicate, and disclosed her mind to Montraville. He laughed at her simplicity, and patting her on the cheek, called her a little idiot, and told her she knew nothing of the world. "If the world sanctions such things, 'tis a very bad world," said Charlotte. "I always understood that they were to have been married when they arrived at New York. Mademoiselle told me Belcour promised to marry her."

"Well, my dear, and suppose he did?"

"Why, he should, as a man of honour, keep his word."

"But I suppose he has changed his mind," said Montraville, "and then the case is altered."

As he uttered this sentence, a full sense of her own situation rushed upon Charlotte's mind. She burst into tears and remained silent. Montraville, conscious of the cause of her grief, kissed her cheek, and desiring her not to make herself uneasy, hastily left her, being unable to bear the silent but keen remonstrance.

The next morning by sunrise they found themselves at anchor before the city of New York. A boat was ordered to convey the ladies on shore. Colonel Crayton accompanied them to a hotel. Scarcely were they seated, when the Colonel found himself in the arms of his daughter, who had landed a few minutes before him. As soon as the first transport had subsided, he introduced his daughter to Mademoiselle La Rue, as an old friend of her mother's; (for the artful French woman had really made it appear to the credulous Colonel that she was in the same convent with his first wife, and though much younger, had received many tokens of her esteem and regard.)

"If, Mademoiselle," said Mrs. Beauchamp, "you were the friend of my mother, you must be worthy the esteem of all good hearts."

"Mademoiselle will soon honour our family," said the Colonel, "by supplying the place that valuable woman filled; and as you are married, my dear, I think you will not blame—"

"Hush, my dear Sir," replied Mrs. Beauchamp, "I know my duty too well to scrutinize your conduct. Be assured, my dear father, your happiness is mine. I shall rejoice in it, and sincerely love the person who contributes to it.—But tell me," continued she, turning to Charlotte, "who is this lovely young lady? is it your sister, Mademoiselle?"

A blush, deep as the glow of the carnation, suffused the cheeks of Charlotte.

"No," replied the Colonel. "It is a young lady who came in the same vessel with us from England." He then drew his daughter aside, and told her in a whisper, that Charlotte was the mistress of Montraville.

"What a pity!" said Mrs. Beauchamp softly, casting a most compassionate glance at her. "But surely her mind is not depraved. The goodness of her heart is depicted in her ingenuous countenance."

Charlotte caught the word pity. "And am I already fallen so low?" said she. A sigh escaped her, and a tear was ready to start, but Montraville appeared, and she checked the rising emotion. Mademoiselle retired with the Colonel and his daughter to another apartment.—Charlotte remained with Montraville and Belcour. The next morning the Colonel performed his promise, and La Rue became, in due form, Mrs. Crayton, who exulted in her own good fortune, and dared to look with an eye of contempt on the unfortunate, but far less guilty Charlotte.

CHAPTER XVII.

Reflections.

"And am I indeed fallen so low," said Charlotte, "as to be only pitied? Will the voice of approbation no more meet my ear? and shall I never again possess a friend, whose face will wear a smile of joy, whenever I approach? Alas! how thoughtless, how dreadfully imprudent have I been! I know not which is most painful to endure, the sneer of contempt, or glance of compassion, which is depicted in the various countenances of my own sex: they are both equally humiliating. Ah! my dear

parents, could you now see the child of your affections, the daughter whom you so dearly loved, a poor solitary being, without society, wearing out her heavy hours in deep regret and anguish of heart; no kind friend of her own sex to whom she can unbosom her griefs, no beloved mother, no woman of character to appear in her company; and low as your Charlotte is fallen, she cannot associate with infamy."

These were the painful reflections that preyed upon the mind of Charlotte in her solitude. Montraville placed her in a cottage a few miles from New York, with one female attendant, and supplied her with what money she wanted. But business and pleasure so entirely occupied his time, that he had little to devote to the woman whom he had brought from all her connexions, and robbed of innocence. Sometimes, indeed, he would steal out at the close of evening, and pass a few hours with her; and then so much was she attached to him, that all her sorrows were forgotten while blest with his society. She would enjoy a walk by moonlight, or sit by him in a little arbour at the bottom of the garden, and play on her harp, accompanying it with her plaintive, harmonious voice. But often, very often, did he promise to renew his visits, and, forgetful of his promise, leave her to mourn her disappointment. What painful hours of expectation would she pass! She would sit at a window which looked towards a field he used to cross, counting the minutes, and straining her eyes to catch the first glimpse of his person, till, blinded with tears of disappointment, she would lean her head on her hands, and give free vent to her sorrows. Then catching at some new hope, she would again renew her watchful position, till the shades of evening enveloped every object in a dusky cloud. She would then renew her complaints, and with a heart bursting with disappointed love and wounded sensibility, retire to a bed which remorse had strewed with thorns, and court in vain that comforter of weary nature (who seldom visits the unhappy) to come and steep her senses in oblivion.

Who can form an adequate idea of the sorrow of Charlotte? The wife whose breast glows with affection for her husband, and who in return meets only with indifference, can but faintly conceive her anguish. Dreadfully painful as is the situation of such a woman, yet she has comforts of which poor Charlotte was deprived. The duteous, faithful wife, though treated with indifference, has pleasure within her own bosom, from the reflection, that she has not deserved neglect; and that she has ever fulfilled the duties of her station with the strictest exactness. She may hope, by constant assiduity and unremitted attention, to reclaim her wanderer, and be doubly happy in his regained affection; she knows he cannot leave her to unite himself to another: he cannot cast her out to poverty and contempt. She looks around her, and sees the smile of friendly welcome, or the tear of affectionate consolation, on the face of every person whom she favours with her esteem; and from all these circumstances she gathers comfort; but the poor girl, by thoughtless passion led astray, who, in parting with her honour, has forfeited the esteem of the very man to whom she has sacrificed every thing dear and valuable in life, feels his indifference to be the fruit of her own folly, and laments her want of power to regain his lost affection: she knows there is no tie but honour, and that, in a man who has been guilty of seduction, is but very feeble. He may leave her in a moment to shame and want: he may marry and forsake her for ever; and should he do so, she has no redress,—no friendly soothing companion, to pour into her wounded mind the balm of consolation,—no benevolent hand to lead her back to the path of rectitude: she has disgraced her friends, forfeited the respect of the world, and undone herself. She feels herself a poor solitary being in the midst of surrounding multitudes; shame bows her to the earth, remorse tears her distracted mind, and guilt, poverty, and disease close the dreadful scene: she sinks unnoticed to oblivion. The finger of contempt may point out, to some passing daughter of youthful mirth, the humble bed where lies this frail sister of mortality: and will she, in the unbounded gaiety of her heart, exult in her own unblemished fame, and triumph over the silent ashes of the dead? Oh, no! she has a heart of sensibility; she will stop and thus address the unhappy victim of folly:—

"Thou hadst thy faults; but surely thy sufferings have expiated them: thy errors brought thee to an early grave; but thou wert a fellow-creature,—thou hast been unhappy,—then be those errors forgotten."

Then, as she stoops to pluck the noxious weed from off the sod, a tear will fall, and consecrate the spot to Charity.

I mean not to extenuate the faults of those unhappy women who fall victims to folly and guilt. I only crave that mercy for them which we ourselves must receive from our gracious and all-merciful Judge, or dreadful will be our state of futurity. When we reflect upon the many secret faults that lie hidden in the recesses of our hearts, which we would blush to have brought into open day, we surely may pity the faults of others. Many an unfortunate female, who has strayed into the thorny paths of vice, would gladly return to virtue, if she had a friend to receive her: but, alas! it cannot be, the derision of the world prevents it.

Oh, thou benevolent Giver of all good! how shall we, erring mortals, dare to look up to thy mercy in the great day of retribution, if we now uncharitably refuse to overlook the errors, or alleviate the miseries, of our fellow-creatures!

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Mistake discovered.

Julia Franklin was the only child of a man of large property, who left her independent mistress of an unincumbered income of two thousand a year, at the age of eighteen. She was tall, elegantly shaped, and possessed much of the air and manner of a woman of fashion; her complexion was a clear brown, enlivened with the glow of health; her eyes, full, black, and sparkling, darted their intelligent glances through long silken lashes; her hair was shining brown, and her features regular and striking; there was an air of innocent gaiety that played about her countenance, where good humour sat triumphant. She resided with an uncle, who loved her too well, and had too high an opinion of her prudence to scrutinize her actions so much as would have been necessary with many young ladies, who were not blest with her discretion: she was, at the time Montraville arrived at New York, the life of society and the universal toast. Montraville was introduced to her by the following accident.

One night when he was upon guard, a dreadful fire broke out near Mr. Franklin's house, which, in a few hours, reduced that and several others to ashes. In the midst of the confusion, an old gentleman came up to Montraville, and, putting a small box into his hands, cried, "Keep it, my good Sir, till I come to you again;" and then rushing again into the crowd, Montraville saw him no more. He waited till the fire was quite extinguished, and the citizens dispersed, but the old man did not appear to claim his property; and Montraville, fearing to make an inquiry, lest he should meet with impostors, who might lay claim, without any legal right, to the box, carried it to his quarters and locked it up: he naturally imagined that the person who committed it to his care, knew him, and would, in a day or two, reclaim it; but several weeks having passed, and no inquiry made, he resolved to examine the contents of the box, and if they were valuable to spare no pains to discover the owner, and restore them to him.—Upon opening it, he found it contained jewels and money to a large amount, and a miniature picture set for a bracelet. On examining the picture, he thought he had somewhere seen features very like it, but could not recollect where. A few evenings after, being at a public assembly, he saw Miss Franklin, and the likeness was too evident to be mistaken; he inquired among his brother officers if any of them knew her, and found one who was upon terms of intimacy with the family: "then introduce me immediately," said he "for I am certain I can inform her of something which will give her peculiar pleasure."

He was immediately introduced, found she was the owner of the jewels, and was invited to breakfast the next morning, in order to their restoration. This whole evening Montraville was honoured with Julia's hand; the lively sallies of her wit, the elegance of her manner, powerfully charmed him; he forgot Charlotte, and indulged himself in saying every thing that was polite and tender to Julia. But, on retiring, recollection returned—"What am I about?" said he: "though I have not married Charlotte, I cannot be villain enough to forsake her, nor must I dare to trifle with the heart of Julia Franklin. I will return this box," said he, "which has been the source of so much uneasiness already, and in the evening pay a visit to my poor melancholy Charlotte, and endeavour to forget this fascinating Julia."

He arose, dressed himself, and taking the picture out, "I will reserve this from the rest," said he, "and by presenting it to her when she thinks it is lost, enhance the value of the obligation." He repaired to Mr. Franklin's, and found Julia in the breakfast parlour alone.

"How happy am I, Madam," said he, "that being the fortunate instrument of saving these jewels, has been the means of procuring me the acquaintance of so amiable a lady. There are the jewels and money all safe."

"But where is the picture, Sir?" said Julia.

"Here, Madam.—I would not willingly part with it."

"It is the portrait of my mother," said she, taking it from him; "'tis all that remains." She pressed it to her lips, and tears trembled in her eyes, which made her appear irresistibly charming to Montraville. Overcome by her loveliness, and the agitation of his mind respecting Charlotte, he was unable to make any reply, and hastily took his leave of Miss Franklin.

Conscious of his cruelty towards Charlotte, Montraville's mind was distracted, and, when in solitude, he would exclaim—"I have been mistaken—I imagined I loved Charlotte; but alas! I am too late convinced my attachment to her was merely the impulse of a moment. I fear I have not only entailed lasting misery on that poor girl, but also thrown a barrier in the way of my own happiness, which it will be impossible to surmount. I feel I love Julia Franklin with ardour and sincerity; yet when in her presence, I am sensible of my own inability to offer a heart worthy her acceptance, and I remain silent."

Full of these painful thoughts, Montraville walked out to see Charlotte: she saw him approach, and ran out to meet him; she banished from her countenance the air of discontent which ever appeared when he was absent, and met him with a smile of joy.

"I thought you had forgotten me, Montraville," said she, "and was very unhappy."

"I shall never forget you, Charlotte," he replied, pressing her hand.

The uncommon gravity of his countenance, and the brevity of his reply, alarmed her.

"You are not well," said she; "your hand is hot; your eyes are heavy; you are very ill."

"I am a villain," said he mentally, as he turned from her to hide his emotions.

"But come," continued she, tenderly, "you shall go to bed, and I will sit by and watch you; you will be better when you have slept."

Montraville was glad to retire, and, by pretending to sleep, concealed the agitation of his mind from her penetrating eye. Charlotte watched by him till a late hour, and then lying softly down by his side, sunk into a profound sleep, from whence she awoke not till late the next morning.

(To be continued.)

Orange Peels.—Several serious accidents, which have happened within the week, in consequence of persons slipping over orange peels left on the flagged parapets, have induced us to repeat the caution we have so often given to persons, to avoid putting the public to such risks.

Correspondence.

A FLOATING COMPANY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have just come to Liverpool to pay my annual visit, to enjoy the advantages of sea-bathing, and regret particularly that a machine in which I learn you feel a lively interest is not in the river, to accommodate the inhabitants and visitors, who, with myself, are always delighted with the pleasures of that agreeable and useful source of health and enjoyment, the Floating Bath. I saw it to-day, near Seacombe, and learn that it will be soon brought into the river; if so, allow me to suggest a mode of bringing it to Liverpool, which cannot fail to gratify all lovers of genuine taste, combined as the arrangement will be, with a view of the advantages that must necessarily flow from your useful and benevolent project of introducing a plan that unites what is agreeable and salutary with safety and confidence, viz. your cork collars.

I recommend that about twenty of your active friends should furnish themselves with your ingenious collars, and at high, or perhaps better at low water, tow the bath into the river, by harnessing themselves in dresses suitable to the occasion, and slowly swim with that marine castle, and bear it to its destination. The effect would be truly grand. The dresses of the swimmers might be varied, to designate all that classical genius could suggest of sea gods, nymphs, tritons, nereïdes, &c.; and if not too much to expect, I should delight in seeing you equipped as Neptune, directing the operations of this interesting scene. Your cork collars would then triumph; their utility would be manifest; the Floating Bath would be moored without the aid of steam, and the town of Liverpool would be really gratified.—Yours, VIATOR, FROM CORK.

Waterloo Hotel, May 17, 1827.

☞ We have given insertion to the note of our facetious correspondent, to whom we would hint that the operation he suggests would be much more practicable than he probably imagines. About fifty stout fellows, equipped with our collar-jackets, would easily tow out the Floating Bath. But the suggestion unluckily arrives too late, as the Bath is already at her usual moorings. Had it been otherwise, we might have raised a floating corps, and should have permitted our beard to grow, in order that we might the better personate Neptune, according to the recommendation of *Viator*.—*Edit. Kal.*

Miscellanies.

LE CHIEN DU VIEUX SOLDAT,

Anecdote inédite,

RECUEILLIE PAR LE DR. ALBERT.

Au nombre de ces vieux guerriers qui composaient la phalange d'élite de Napoléon, se trouvait un soldat du nom de Séguin, connu plus particulièrement sous la dénomination de Bastilleur; surnom honorable que le peuple avait donné aux gardes françaises qui l'avaient aidé à renverser la Bastille. Maxime Séguin était entré au service en 1788, c'est-à-dire, un an avant la révolution de glorieuse mémoire. La destruction de la Bastille, qui tomba après un siége de quatre heures, était le premier fait militaire qui vint décorer la vie du jeune Séguin. Il était alors agé de vingt quatre ans. Jemmapes, la campagne d'Italie, les combats en Egypte ajouterent successivement de nouveaux fleurons de gloire à la couronne qui déjà ceignait le front de ce guerrier. Le troisième de l'armée, il reçut le fusil d'honneur, récompense qui avait précédé de peu de tems la création de la légion d'honneur, et cette dernière décoration lui fut accordée à la première revue que Napoléon passa devant le château des empereurs d'occident.

Séguin, que nous nommerons Bastilleur, était né d'un pauvre laboureur des Ardennes, qui n'avait pu faire donner la moindre instruction à son fils. Ce motif l'ayant privé pendant longtems du bénéfice des grades, ses chefs, impatientés de l'obstacle qui s'opposait à son avancement, se décidèrent, à la fin, à le nommer sergent, pour récompenser faiblement une valeur aussi distinguée; mais Bastilleur, doué de la vertu si rare de se connaître soi même, refusa les galons qu'on lui offrait, ne voulant pas (disait-il) par son incapacité, compromettre un poste qui demandait une instruction qui lui manquait, et être le dernier des sous-officiers, tandis qu'après La Tour-d'Auvergne il pouvait devenir le premier grenadier de l'armée. Simple et sans autre ambition que celle de marcher à la tête d'une colonne, sa fierté était satisfaite d'avoir été jugé digne d'un rang supérieur: estimé de ses chefs, et chéri de ses égaux, son bonheur était tout dans la gloire du héros qu'il idolâtrait, au-delà rien ne le tentait; il redoutait, au contraire, tout ce que aurait pu détruire l'illusion d'une position qui satisfesait son orgueil. Les champs d'Austerlitz, de Jena, et de Wagram furent teints de son sang; trois fois la vieille garde fut menacée de la perte de son premier grenadier, et trois fois elle le vit, à-peine convalescant, reprendre la première place du premier rang. Chaque retour était un jour de fête pour tout le régiment, et le colonel donnait l'exemple de la vénération que l'on devait à ce vétéran des brâves.

Dix-sept cicatrices, toutes tracées par devant, sillonnaient le corps de Bastilleur, quand Napoléon parut à la dernière parade, en Pologne, avant l'ouverture de la campagne de Russie. Le héros nomma Bastilleur lieutenant dans sa jeune garde, grade qui équivalait à celui de capitaine dans la ligne. Le grenadier, ému et interdit en voyant devant lui l'homme extraordinaire, qui lui annonçait lui-même la récompense qu'il lui accordait, demeura comme pétrifié, et ne trouva point de voix pour exprimer sa reconnaissance. Tant était puissant l'aspect du heros sur tous ceux qui l'approchaient, que les plus vieux guerriers, ceux même qui avaient constamment suivi sa marche victorieuse, ne purent soutenir sa vue sans être frappés d'un éclat soudain qui paralysait leur parôle, et les enchaînait à leur place comme autant de statues. Après que Napoléon eut quitté la première ligne, Bastilleur, dont le sang paraissait arrêté dans sa circulation, sentit son cœur battre avec violence sous l'étoile de l'honneur qui brillait sur son uniforme, et se dérobant aussitôt aux felicitations de ses frères d'armes, il alla solliciter, comme une grâce d'où dépendait son heureux avenir, de n'être point obligé de quitter sa qualité et sa compagnie. Le colonel, quoiqu'avec répugnance, en fit part à l'empereur, qui répondit avec un mouvement d'impatience,—"Qu'il reste donc grenadier, mais qu'il touche la solde de capitaine."

Bastilleur avait un ami fidèle à toute épreuve, veillant jour et nuit pour lui donner des marques de son attachement, et défendre ses jours; cet ami, on le devine, n'était pas un homme, mais un chien que le grenadier avait arraché, tout jeune, d'une chaumière incendiée par le canon de Wagram. C'était un barbet, qui devint bientôt une bête superbe, sous sa longue toison, flottant en tresses soyeuses et blanches comme la neige; actif, alerte, et possédant une intelligence instinctive qui tenait de la raison humaine. Enfin, Mouton (c'était son nom) était devenu un object d'affection générale, qui lui valut d'être appelé le chien de la vieille garde. En marche, aux revues, au feu, Mouton précédait son ami, et suivait la musique. Au repos, à la halte, au bivouac, Mouton venait caresser son ami, et partager ses bons repas comme ses privations. A la bataille de la Moscowa, ce chien dévoué, toujours attentif aux évolutions et aux moindres mouvements du régiment, avait perdu son ami de vue, au fort de l'engagement; à l'instant, il s'échappe du cercle des musiciens qui cherchaient à le retenir, s'élance au milieu de la mêlée pour chercher son compagnon, et tombe, frappé d'une balle ennemie, aux pieds de Bastilleur. Le plomb lui avait coupé une de ses belles oreilles, et marqué son passage en lui déchirant la peau du cou; mais pansé et soigné à l'ambulance, il retourna le lendemain à son poste, enveloppé d'un bandage, et fit de la sorte son entrée au Kremlin, portant tête levée, et la queue en plumet autrichien.

Cependant, Borée en courroux ne tarda pas à venger son glacial empire, et la fortune trahit le vol audacieux de l'aigle de Napoléon. Mouton, moins sensible que son ami à la froidure meurtriere qui ravageait l'armée, ranimait par sa présence le courage défaillant de Bastilleur; le consolait et l'amusait pendant les fatigues et les maux du jour; le rechauffait et le gardait pendant l'horreur de la nuit. C'est ainsi que cet ami, si tendre et si infatigable, parvint à conserver la vie à celui qui lui avait sauvé la sienne.

[*La suite au numéro prochain.*]

IMPROVED MARINE LIFE PRESERVER,

Warranted to support the wearer in the water, either naked or with his clothes on, and with a considerable weight of money or other articles in his pockets.

PARTICULARLY USEFUL TO EMIGRANTS.

In consequence of very numerous applications, and of having been made acquainted with several instances of gross extortion practised on individuals who have ordered Life Preservers on the plan recommended by Mr. Egerton Smith, last summer,

EGERTON SMITH and CO.

Have commenced the Manufacture of IMPROVED MARINE LIFE PRESERVERS. These Preservers may be put on as readily as an ordinary waistcoat, and they will sustain the wearer in the water with the head and shoulders above the surface, without the slightest exertion on his part. They will defend the body from external bruises, and keep the wearer much warmer than he would be without them. They form no impediment to the swimmer; and any person may readily learn to swim by their means.

To persons wrecked at sea they will be of the utmost importance, as it is not necessary to take off any part of the wearing apparel; and the wearer may not only thus preserve his clothes, but also any money he may be possessed of.

To Boats' Crews, and especially those of Life Boats, these Marine Preservers would be most invaluable, as they serve to keep the body warm and dry; nor do they, in the slightest degree, prevent the wearer from using the oars; whilst, by inspiring confidence, they may be the means of inducing seamen to venture where it would be unsafe or fatal to go without them.

These Marine Preservers are enlarged, and very much improved since they were first recommended to the public; and are much better finished than the rough specimens, exhibited last year.

Persons in the country, who are desirous of becoming purchasers, are requested to state their weight within half a stone, and their stature and bulk.

The prices of the Preservers vary from Fifteen shillings to One pound; and any person remitting the latter amount, post-paid, may have one of the most complete description forwarded to their address.

Orders may also be transmitted through the Agents of the *Kaleidoscope*.

To Correspondents.

IMMOLATION OF WIDOWS IN INDIA.—The interesting report of the Manchester meeting to petition the legislature to abolish this horrid custom, is postponed until the next *Kaleidoscope*, which will contain a supplement.

☞ Since we wrote the preceding paragraph, Mr. Prentice, of the *Manchester Gazette* office, has politely obliged us with a pamphlet, containing a most ample report of this interesting meeting, which will enable us to lay before our readers a most complete account of a proceeding which is highly creditable to the moral character of Manchester.

THE PLAGUE IN MANCHESTER.—As this piece will contain more chapters than could be comprehended in our present volume, which will terminate with the next month, we put it to the author whether it would not be advisable to reserve the article for our next volume?

We are so pressed for space, that we can only notice *R. A. M.*—*W. H.*—*A.*—*J. D.*—*J. B. S.*—*E. C. E.*—*W. H. J.*—*W.*—*D. A.*—*T. M.*—some of whom are referred to our supplementary number of next week.

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